Blue Quill

December, 1955

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Silver Bells Ring Christmas Dance

Silver bells rang in the announcement of the Christmas dance at a board-student body meeting on the even- of November 17. At this time the mbers of the Queens Social Committ- which annually sponsors this social nt, appeared in red evening dresses l, to the tune of the popular Christ- s song "Silver Bells", announced their ns for the dance.

The dance will be held on the even- of December 10 from eight-thirty twelve. Music will be furnished by ly Knauff and his orchestra. The or scheme for the decorations will be and silver. Tickets will cost two lars apiece.

Following intermission at the dance re will be a figure led by the mem- s of the Social Committee and their es. These members are Anna Mc- oin, Lib McLeod, Louise Cannon, ry Moore Mason, Beth Lowdermilk, l Nancy Rose.

Chairmen of other committees in- de: Nancy Rose, chairman of the olicity committee; Beth Lowdermilk, irman of clean-up; Suzanne Branch, irman of refreshments; Mary Moore ison, chairman of decorations; and uise Cannon and Lib McLeod, chair- n of the ticket committee.

—M. M. M.

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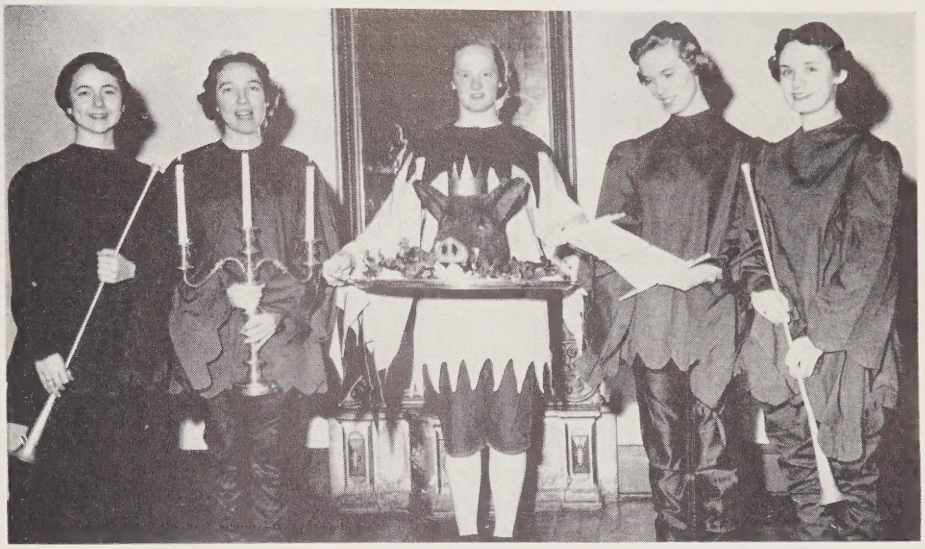
r. and Mrs. Cumming ttend Language Meet

Dr. W. P. Cumming, professor of glish at Davidson, and Mrs. Cum- ng, associate professor of English at ieens, attended the South Atlantic odern Language Association Meeting ring the Thanksgiving holidays. The ociation, a professional organization college teachers of English and the odern languages in the southeastern gion, meets every year at Thanks- ing time. This year the meeting was ld in the Daytona Plaza Hotel in ytona Beach, Florida.

Dr. Cumming is the chairman of the glish literature section for the South lantic region. Mrs. Cumming attend- the meeting with her husband as a presentative of the Queens College glish Department.

—S. D.

'55 Christmas Festivities



Left to right: Libby Gunn, Marjory Carter, Jessie Scott, Peggy Brice, Mary Jo Patton.

Queens students will celebrate the twenty-first annual Boar's Head Dinner on December 15. Originating in early England, this celebration was first observed at Queens in 1934. The Boar's Head Procession of 1955 will include Jessie Scott, Boar's Head Bearer; Peggy Brice, Reader; Marjory Carter, Candlestick Bearer; Libby Gunn and Mary Jo Patton, Trumpeters.

Although many schools and colleges have clung to the boar's head tradition, Queens College, Oxford, has probably celebrated the feast for the longest period of time. This institution has observed the boar's head ceremony for five hundred years.

To begin the celebration, a procession of the Provost and the Fellows enters the dining hall. Then a large boar's head adorned with a cross, small banners, garlands of laurel, rosemary, and mistletoe is carried into the room. After being announced by trumpets, three bearers bring the boar's head in on a tray. As the procession enters the hall, the students rise and sing a carol, "Bringing in the Boar's Head," the words of which are:

"Caput apris deferro
Reddens laudes Domino
The boar's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merely,
Qui estis in convivio
The boar's head I understand
Is the chefe service in this lande
Loke wherer it be fande
Servite cum cantico
Be gladde, lords, both more or less,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To cheer you all this Christmasse,
The boar's head with mustarde."

The history of the ceremony dates from the pre-Christian era. During the winter solstice the Druids slew a boar and presented its head with sacrificial rites to Freya, goddess of peace and plenty. The Christmas feasts were begun in medieval days with the carrying in of the boar's head, a food which usually was the main course of the meal. Preceded by musicians and candlebearers, the chief cook carried in the roasted boar's head, which was adorned with laurel and rosemary and had either a lemon or an apple in its mouth.

The institution of the boar's head ceremony is explained by an ancient legend. Approximately five hundred years ago a student of Queens College, Oxford, was walking over Shotover Hill. He was in deep contemplation while he read a book of Aristotle. Suddenly the student was attacked by a wild boar. In self-defense the youth thrust his book down the beast's throat. The boar strangled and died. The student triumphantly carried the boar's head back to the college.

Queen Victoria celebrated the old English custom. She ordered that her Christmas dinner begin with the bringing in of the boar's head. The ceremony was performed with the dignity and pomp of the ancient occasion.

(Continued on page 23)

Our Thanks to Deserving Staff Members

There are many people on our campus who work faithfully day after day for us without any thanks whatsoever. It seems appropriate in this issue to extend our appreciation to them for a job well done.

First of all, we would like to say "thank you" to Miss Vivian Freeman. She sees that the Y-store is well-equipped to provide for all the needs of the students. Her smiling face and cheerful manner make her services even more appreciated. Mr. Williams, the man who puts up the mail, greatly deserves our thanks for undertaking the job of sorting the many letters received. He also manages the supply room. We also extend a vote of thanks to Miss Kate Squires, who is the switchboard operator, and to Mrs. Alexander and Ann Stevens, the nurses.

We would like to thank Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Bost, his assistant, for the excellent job they do in making repairs and seeing that the campus is kept clean. We extend thanks to the yardmen who cut the grass and care for the shrubbery. We would also like to recognize Joe, the handyman. He always seems to be where he is needed, and he is willing to turn his hand to any type of work.

Mr. McNeill deserves our thanks for doing so well the burdensome job allotted to the treasurer of a college. Miss Denton also receives our gratitude for taking care of our money and cashing checks for us. She supplies us w much helpful information about the use of the typewr and mimeographing machine. Next in line for recogni are Miss Miscally, who attends to the publicity work, Mrs. Sebrell, her able assistant. We would like to th Mrs. Rudisill, Dr. Walker's secretary; Miss Ann Par Mr. Farquharson's secretary; Mrs. Good, our registrar, her assistant, Miss Roddey; Miss Potts, Miss Pat L and Miss Georgegell Thomas, the field representat and Mrs. Barron, the alumnae secretary, for jobs well d

We want to thank Miss Squires and Mrs. Dick for p ning our meals and the waiters and waitresses for ser them. We also wish to extend thanks to Charlie and Do the excellent cooks who prepare our meals for us.

A vote of thanks is also given to the maids who, aga overwhelming odds, manage to keep our dormitories cl We want to express our appreciation to Miss Hender who oversees this work.

We wish to extend thanks to Miss Emily Kimrey Mrs. Green, Dean Albright's able assistants, who also s as house mothers in South and Belk. Miss Harrell and M Baker deserve recognition for the excellent job they in the library.

—S. A

Dr. Evans Speaks

The Reverend Louis Hadley Evans, minister-at-large of the *Board of National Missions* of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., spoke to the student body of Queens College on Tuesday, November 29. Dr. Evans's subject was "The Fourth 'R'." Miss Libby Gunn, president of Queens Christian Association, presided at the service held in Belk Chapel.

A graduate of Occidental College, Los Angeles, and of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, Dr. Evans holds the honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Humane Letters. Dr. Evans is a resident of California, where he has been pastor for twelve years of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. During the summer, he has been for three years the supply pastor for the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. He also serves on the Advisory Council of the Foundation for Religious Action and is one of the founding sponsors of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

Dr. Evans's work in missions has taken him to Japan, Korea, China, India, Egypt, Africa, and the Near East. Preaching missions carried him to military camps throughout the U.S.A., overseas in World War II, and to the Hawaiian Islands and to Johnston Island in the South Pacific in 1953. He flew to Scotland this year to speak to a large gathering of Scottish ministers. This trip was in response to a request by Dr. Billy Graham.

—C. H.

Painter Speaks at Convocation

Edmund D. Lewandowski, renowned American pai was a convocation speaker at Queens on November 2 which time he spoke to the students and faculty on art

Lewandowski is a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, makes his home there now as director of the Layton Sc of Art, where he began his studies in art. He has served as professor of painting and later as head of department of art at Florida State University while Walker was associated with that institution.

The main body of Lewandowski's numerous works been done in oil, tempera, and watercolor. He has exec a great number of both public and private mural com sions and paintings. Serving as an artist in various ca ties, he has worked with several commercial companie well as with the United States Treasury Department M Commission and the United States Maritime Commis

Lewandowski has won many national and internati art awards. Among them are the Hallmark Internati Third Prize, the Polish-American Artist Grand Award, Gimbel Award, and the Purchase Prize from the G Rapids Art Gallery.

The painter is well represented in museums and an public and private collections. Dr. Walker owns two of Lewandowski's works—an abstract which hangs in his o and a watercolor which is in the living room of his ho

—P.

xhibit of Madonnas

For seven years Mrs. O. B. Ross of arlotte has been collecting pictures the madonna and child. Many of prints are on display now in Burwell ll for the benefit and enjoyment of student body.

The pictures which may now be seen not the best part of her collecting, they are duplicates of the prints ich comprise it. Mrs. Ross plans to e the entire set to the Fine Arts De- tment of Queens sometime next r. Her purpose in bequeathing this t is to enable young girls to appreciate at art by viewing prints and repro- ctions of the original masterpieces. e main collection contains seven-hun- d-eighty different madonnas by out six-hundred-seventy-five artists. e prints are grouped by school or ist, and they are arranged in such a y as to make them most pleasing in pearance. On each picture is written e name of the artist, the name of the nting, and where the original may w be found. The different types of donnas found in the collection in- de: the Holy Family, composed of ary, Joseph, and Christ; adorations of e Magi and of shepherds; the flight o Egypt; the enthroned madonnas; e madonnas in the sky; and the pasto- madonnas in which the background a meadow or a rural scene.

Mrs. Ross, a former Queens student, s a two-fold purpose for collecting ese pictures. First, she loves art, and cond, she feels that motherhood is e greatest gift of God and she sees the madonna pictures a reflection of eal motherhood. All her pictures, erefore, contain Mary with the Christ- ild rather than the mother alone.

Artists of all nations have used the donna theme in their pictures, and rs. Ross has samples from a majority the nations. The background of the donnas denotes the country in which ey were painted as do the figures of e mother and child themselves.

Mrs. Ross began her study of madon- s by visiting art museums in the rge cities of the United States. At rst she was not interested in collecting ints, but this eventually became her bby. She has been abroad twice since 48 and visited nine countries. Every- here she goes she immediately visits all e art museums in the vicinity. She has d the good fortune to view many originals in the Louvre at Paris and in the museums of Italy.

—S. A. S.

Queens-Union Banking-for-College Plan

During the past summer Queens College adopted a method by which families of middle income can use an installment plan to finance their daughters' education at Queens. This plan was set up in connection with the Union National Bank of Charlotte and is called the Queens-Union Banking-for-College Plan. The purpose of the plan is to allow parents of selected students to spread the cost of college education over a longer period and pay for it monthly. Through this plan a need not met by scholarships can be filled.

Before parents can use this method of payment, an application for provisional admission of the student must be approved by Queens College and an application for credit of the parents must be approved by the Union National Bank. After these have been approved, a contract will be made. Under the terms of this contract the parents may use one of two plans of payment.

Under the first plan of payment the parents begin twenty-four months in advance of registration of their daughter in college and deposit $50 each month in the Union National Bank. The deposits continue for two years and five months after the year of graduation. Under the second plan monthly deposits of $65 begin one year in advance of registration and continue one year and five months beyond the year of graduation. Under both plans the bank pays the college $1200 each year that the student is enrolled in college.

This plan also covers withdrawal of members and withdrawal of students from college. It covers all charges of the college except special fees and a fee of $50 due each year.

Participants in this plan will not be affected by an increase in tuition fees, but they will be able to take advantage of any decrease in fees.

—C. McI.

Visit of YWCA Representative

Miss Harriet Cady, a co-executive of the Southern Region of the National Student YWCA, visited the Queens campus November 2-4. Miss Cady is a resource person for local campuses and has visited and held leadership training meetings in colleges in ten states. As the daughter of missionaries to China, she has an extensive background in the work of the church abroad as well as experience in the work of the local YWCA. Miss Cady came to this region from the University of Indiana where she was executive director of the YWCA.

During her visit to Queens Miss Cady met with the various members of the Queens Christian Association cabinet and guided them in their plans for the year. She also spoke to the student body during the chapel period on November 4, using historical facts to show that the "Y" is moving forward in its service to the people and to God.

—E. C.

TAPPINGS

Two honorary organizations on the Queens campus recently tapped students into membership. Valkyrie, honorary organization for sophomores, tapped on October 12. Alpha Kappa Gamma, national leadership fraternity, held its tapping ceremony on November 16.

The Order of Valkyrie was organized at Queens in the spring of 1938. The purpose of Valkyrie is to recognize leaders in the sophomore class. The qualifications for membership in Valkyrie are as follows: the girl must be a recognized leader; she must have a character which is unselfish and strong enough to make her leadership worthwhile; she must maintain an average scholarship; and finally, she must be a true citizen of value to her campus and community.

Those tapped in Valkyrie this fall were: Hobby Abernethy, Rock Hill, S. C.; Blue Calhoun, Elizabethtown, N. C.; Betsy Goodykoontz, Louisville, Ky.; Mary Lynn Gregg, Florence, S. C.; Julia Rolston, Richmond, Va.; and Susan Sharpe, Raleigh, N. C.

Alpha Kappa Gamma was founded at Queens College in 1928. It is a national honorary fraternity which recognizes juniors and seniors on the campus who have shown outstanding

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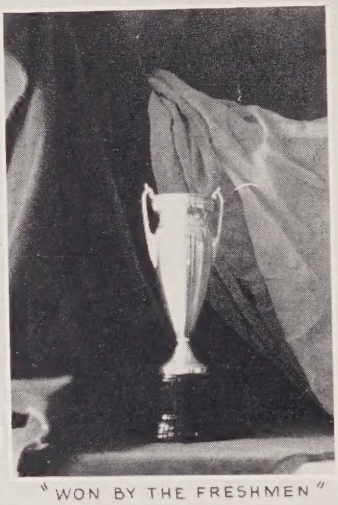
STUNT NIGHT

"OH, HOW I HATED. . ."

"BOB, YOU DANCE DIVINELY!"

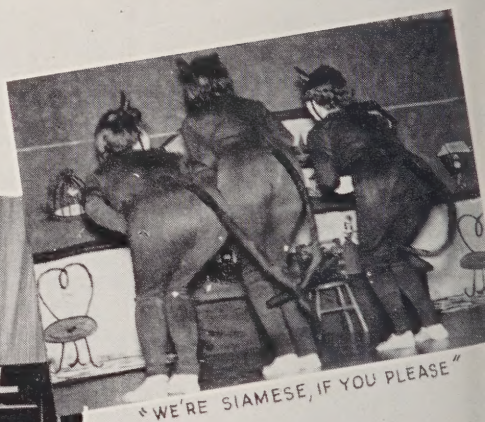
"VISUAL EDUCATION"



"WON BY THE FRESHMEN"

"ALL TOGETHER NOW!"

"NO PEEPING AT THE AUDIENCE"



"WE'RE SIAMESE, IF YOU PLEASE"

"IT'S PROGRESS!"

"BEDLAM IN THE CLASSROOM"

"ATTEN-SHUN"

Art Exhibits

Several art exhibits have been on dis-y at Queens recently. One has been Burwell Hall and two others have en in the auditorium of the Stultz ilding. The exhibit shown in Burwell sists of a group of twenty prints by perclassmen and graduate students Ohio State University. Their instruc- was Professor Robert Gatrell. The dents used three artistic types: silk een, wood block, and lithograph. ese prints will be on display until cember 12.

One of the exhibits which has been display in the Stultz Building is a lection of Carnegie prints which are ned by Queens College. These intings were done by the impres-nistic school of the latter part of the neteenth century. Among the artists presented there are George Pierre urat, Edgar Degas, Pierre Auguste noir, Paul Cezanne, Vincent Van gh, Claude Monet, and John Singer rgent. The group of paintings on dis-ay there now are representative of the st-impressionistic period in art. These intings will be shown until December .

—S. B.

English Professor Attends Convention

Miss Laura Tillett, associate profes- of English at Queens, attended the ational Council of English Teachers New York City during the Thanks-ving holidays. She was sent to the nvention as a delegate from the North rolina Council of English Teachers. his convention, attended by English achers from all over the United States, d its headquarters at the Commodore d Roosevelt Hotels in New York.

The program for the convention in-uded such outstanding literary figures Archibald MacLeish, Norman Cou-ns, and Marchette Chute.

—C. McI.

TAPPINGS

(Continued from page 5)

adership. Those who were tapped in- this organization were: Libby Gunn, errine, Fla.; Bobbie Minogue, Char-tte; Mitzi Plonk, Charlotte; Anne Tur-n, Lexington, Va.; Lindsay Marshall, Winston-Salem, N. C.; and Jean True-orthy, Sanford, N. C.

—E. J.

E. E. Cummings At Random

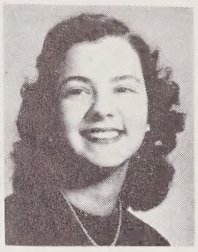
Margaret Dick

Wrapped in an old grey overcoat, his face half-hidden under a battered felt hat, E. E. Cummings stepped into a car waiting outside his hotel. This was his first visit to North Carolina, and Charlotte was eager to receive him. But Mr. Cummings would not see reporters; he had requested that autograph seekers be satisfied with his lecture; he had come to read his poetry and wished to avoid all other social activities. Students wondered if the poet were a misanthrope or esoteric pedant. The moment the poet slumped back upon the car seat it was evident he was neither. Shielded from the fury of rushing traffic by an aura of peace, very gently he spoke—interspersing the conversation with quiet smiles—of his loves: college students; the wildly colored leaves painting Queens Road; the half-naked branches brushing the blue of heaven; Dylan Thomas, his friend and fellow poet. Yes, he realized his attitude concerning publicity was frequently misunderstood. But he was a poet. Remembering an incident in the recent past, he chuckled. He had been requested to autograph seven books belonging to students where he was giving a reading. When he refused, one retorted: "But we bought them just to get your autograph!" He, an artist, preferred rather the appreciation of his art.

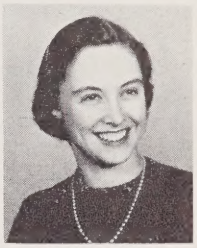
Mr. Cummings was enchanted with Queens. During the thirty minutes before the lecture he walked about the campus—asking to see everything. He spoke particularly of Belk Chapel as an ideal sanctuary for meditation. While being driven to his hotel again he turned and smiled, "It has been such a pleasure talking to you that I am slow to say good-by." And talking personally to Mr. Cummings was more than a pleasure; it was a revelation. He was no longer the satirical poet writing "Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal," but a shy, very-much-alive poet whispering oh so gently; "I thank You, God, for this most amazing day."

MAY COURT CHOSEN

On Wednesday, November 2, in Ninniss auditorium, members of the different classes at Queens vied with each other for a place on the 1956 May Court. Bobbie Minogue of Charlotte was elected Queen of the May Court, and Mary Jack Rolston of Richmond, Va., was elected Maid of Honor.



May Queen
Bobbie Minogue



Maid of Honor
Mary Jack Rolston

Attendants to the Queen from the senior class will be Anne Turpin, Lexington, Va., and Iris Phillips, Charlotte.

Anna McAlpin, Blackshear, Ga.; Margaret Jones, Mullins, S. C.; and Jean Trueworthy, Sanford, N. C. will represent the junior class in the May Court.

The attendants chosen from the sophomore class are: Zelime Dickson, Manning, S. C.; Sophie Leventis, Charlotte; Mary Lynn Gregg, Florence, S. C.; Sara Boyce, Lancaster, S. C.; and Joan Barrett, Atlanta, Ga.

The freshman class will be represented by Frances DeArmon, Charlotte; Betty Wooten, Fayetteville, N. C.; Ann McPhail, Southern Pines, N. C.; Linda Todd, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.; Ann Logan, Huntington, W. Va.; and Charlotte Lee, Kingsport, Tenn.

Anna McAlpin is chairman of the May Day program for this year.

—M. C.

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comment on e. e. cummings

Buck Spearman

when an almost poet meets a more than
too
a delicious lasting
hopes
in an atlast stack
of perhapsiness
but must is before Start
can)?

EDITORIALS

A Chance to Grow

A question in education today is: What is the importance of extracurricular activities? Some educators contend that the majority of the four years spent at college should be used strictly for academic pursuits. They believe that any time which is taken away from studying is thought to be wasted. Activities such as clubs and organizations outside the curriculum are classified as "extra" and are consequently not necessary in the education of a young person. But many modern educators have realized the importance of a student's participation in areas outside the "three R's." Of course, learning is the chief aim of education. Scholarship, therefore, should be stressed to the utmost. A person, however, cannot follow only scholarly courses if he is to be a well-rounded individual—one who is socially, intellectually, and emotionally mature. He must engage in activities which teach him to mingle with people and thus understand others; he must broaden his interests through participation in extracurricular activities so that he will grow intellectually. By learning to work with others, and by broadening his interests, a person can grow emotionally; thus he will have a be understanding of himself.

Our college offers to its students many opportunities social, intellectual, and emotional growth. Any student v is interested in publications work can find a place for h self on the staffs of the BLUE QUILL and the CORON The Recreation Association welcomes the sports lovers; C. A., all who enjoy church work and service for others; Queens Players, those who like drama. The Home E nomics Club, the Spanish Club, and the International lations Club are here to stimulate the interests of stude in homemaking, languages, and world affairs, respectiv

The chances for growing into a well-rounded pers therefore, are at Queens College. Whether or not a stud will take advantage of the extracurricular activities wh add to this growth depends on the individual.

—S

The American Heritage

The month of October celebrated the first birthday of a new and entirely different type of magazine in America. The magazine is *American Heritage,* a bi-monthly magazine published by James Patton and edited by Bruce Catton. It is sponsored by the American Association for State and Local History and the Society of American History. As is suggested by the title and by the sponsors, this is a magazine of the history and the background of America rather than one of its present-day affairs. It is a most unusual magazine in several ways.

Here is a magazine entirely unlike any other magazine of today. It does not contain the latest news of the nation and world; it does not contain articles and discussions concerning the world situation and contemporary problems; it does not contain fiction or poetry. In fact, the only section of the magazine concerned at all with present-day affairs is a book review section of three or four pages at the back of the magazine. This is a magazine concerned almost entirely with the past. It is a magazine with which one can relax, through which one can forget his present problems and worries for a while.

The articles concern fascinating topics and seem so interesting that one cannot flip through the magazine without wanting to stop and read practically every one of them. There are articles on such varied subjects as the ghost writer to Daniel Boone, clipper ships, the Montana prairie a generation ago, an account of a little-known steamboat disaster, a new light on *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* a defense of Victorian architecture, and the memoirs of a Civil War reporter under Grant.

An outstanding feature of the magazine is the beautiful illustrations. Most of them are in color and many are copies of paintings. The October issue includes an interesting portfolio of pictures on Victorian architecture, a section of colored illustrations from a recently discovered sketchbook, and a group of pictures of clipper ships and their advertiseme These pictures are interesting additions and supplement the articles.

Many phases of America through the years are cove in this magazine. In the midst of the hustle and bustl life today one can settle down with this magazine and relax and forget all his worries while he reads of the day America's past and the many changes the country has g through. In this day and time when our minds are constan on the present and the future, it is refreshing to look b for a little while to the past and learn more about our ba ground and our American heritage.

—C. M

Time Well Spent

For the past few years student attendance at the formances given by Queens Players has been disgustin small. It is a pity that Queens students show so little inte in the products of the college's drama group. The memb of Queens Players put many hours of hard work into rehearsals and presentation of each play, and it is v disheartening to look over the footlights and see onl handful of people in the audience. It is about the same f ing you would have if you got an F on a term paper i which you had put six weeks of hard study and preparati The plays are as much a part of the college as are clas closed study, the Y-store, and chapel.

The price of admission is being lowered this year, so it-costs-too-much; I-don't-have-enough-money excuse w work. Rarely are the plays over two hours long, and si most people waste an hour or so every night, the I've-got

udy excuse is no good either. (Besides, how many of you y "I've got to study" when the girl across the hall comes to talk for a few minutes and stays until eleven o'clock?) aziness is about the only real excuse.

The attitude of the students reflects the spirit of a college, nd it doesn't speak too well for Queens when at a college ay the residents of Charlotte outnumber the students, and either group is large enough to attract attention. The plays r this year (a short play before Christmas and two major amas the second semester) will surpass any given at ueens in a long time and will be among the best plays in rculation today. The members of Queens Players hope rvently that the attendance will increase greatly this year; please don't let them down.

—M. A. D.

Thanks, Miss Squires

A faithful friend of Queens College has returned to us a time of need. Miss Loma Squires, who was dietician

of the college from 1939 until her retirement in 1954, has again accepted that post until a permanent dietician can be secured. The faculty, administration, and students wish to express our gratitude and appreciation to Miss Squires for her devoted service to Queens.

—S. S.

THE PLATFORM

A Salute to Queens

We freshmen have dreamed of college life as being comosed of sororities, football games, new friends, many social nctions, and, of course, classes. Little did we realize, ough, just what really is involved. Since the main objective most colleges is to give the students an education, studyg is the main factor in college life.

Queens College has for the freshmen a very remarkable stem which aids them in studying. This is a period of osed study every night from seven o'clock until ten o'clock. Ve often wonder just when we are going to be able to et everything done, but our closed study answers this roblem for us. At seven every night a hush falls over the ormitory, and it really gives us the incentive to work and udy.

In the afternoon it seems there are so many other things oing on that we can not bear the thought of being off ourselves with a book; most of us are afraid we will miss mething. *Queens* realizes, though, that social privileges re also part of college life, so it allows us Friday, Saturday, nd Sunday from closed study.

Queens is trying to mold her students, and she knows nat the habits we form now will be followed throughout ollege life. When we freshmen are seniors, we will thank Queens for starting us out on the right road in the academic vorld. Most of us can honestly say that closed study is the nost essential part of the molding of a good student, and ve salute you, Queens!

—Linda Todd

Is It a Laundry?

Have you been down in the small room which they call the laundry room? Yes, it's true that there are two washers and two dryers in the room, but one of the dryers has not been working for some time now. For a school the size of Queens College, approximately four hundred students, this is definitely too small a number to meet the needs of everyone.

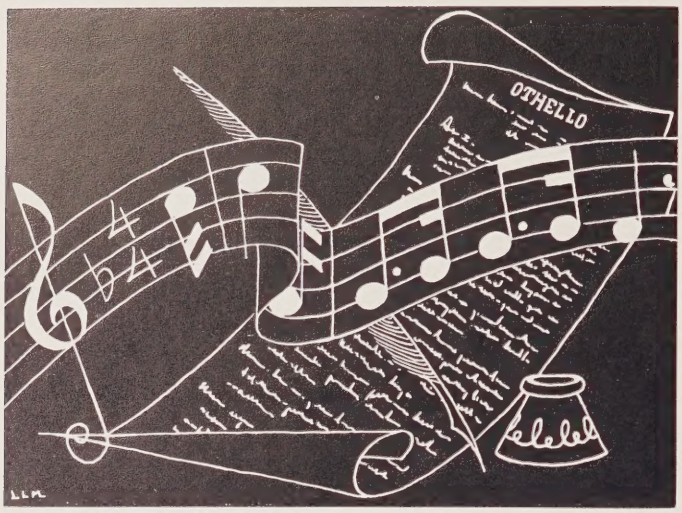
Let me tell you a personal story. I took some clothes down there on a Thursday afternoon, thinking I could wash and dry them that afternoon. When I got there, all the washers were filled; so I left them and went back an hour later to put them in the washer. I set the time for an hour later; and when I went back to put them in the dryer, someone had taken them out and they were scattered all over the place. Since there is only one dryer there, it was naturally filled at the time I needed it. All I could do was leave them there and come back later. This I did, and fortunately the dryer was not in use at this time. At this point my whole afternoon had been wasted. I put them in the dryer just before dinner time; and because of closed study, I wasn't able to go after them until ten that night. When I got there I found my clothes sitting on top of the dryer still damp. I couldn't take them back to my room and let them dry because I had too many things including sheets and pillow cases. The only thing I could do was to wait until the clothes in the dryer were dry, and then I put mine back in and set the timer for another hour. The first thing the next morning I had to go down and get them out. As I have said before, here is a whole afternoon wasted. My time is very limited, and I can't spend a whole day each week in this manner.

This is the first fault that I have found here at Queens, and I do think it is a serious one. I think it is one of the first improvements that should be made here.

—Ann Logan

Shakespeare and Music

Gary Brady



It is not surprising that composers since Shakespeare's time have turned frequently to his plays as a basis for their musical works. In most instances the plots of Shakespeare's plays are easily transformed into musical dramas. The melody of the verse facilitates the transforming of spoken lines into lines that are sung. Presenting no difficulty for staging, the action of the plays is easily presented on even the most limited operatic stage.

There are, however, some difficulties to overcome. The lack of females in Shakespeare's plays sometimes overburdens the musical score with male voices. The length of the plays necessitates that parts be cut to prevent the opera from being too long, for it takes longer to sing the lines than to speak them. But creating music that can successfully merit being combined with the plays of Shakespeare is the greatest problem facing a composer.

Since Shakespeare's time a great many composers have undertaken to set his works to music. There have been, however, only a few who have succeeded in composing operas that merit serious consideration by Shakespearean students. Let us look, therefore, at those works worthy of attention.

Many musical experts agree that Otto Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* best captures the bubbling fun and frolic of Shakespeare's play of the same name. This German opera is in three acts instead of the original five acts in the play. Some of the names of the characters have been changed to German counterparts, but the plot of the opera closely follows that of the play.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* there is a happy blending of Shakespeare and music, for Nicolai successfully captures the spirit of the play. Filling the opera are lilting, exuberant melodies that readily infect the listener with the gaiety and frivolity of the plot. This opera, however, is rarely performed today; but the overture to it has remained a concert favorite and is frequently heard.

Charles Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* is a sweetly sentimental setting of the Shakespearean play. The action in the opera follows in the main that of Shakespeare's roman tragedy; but several of the original personages have be omitted from the opera cast. There are also omissions ma necessary by the greater length required to sing than speak, and Shakespeare's verse suffers considerably up being translated into French. In the basic story, howev Gounod's work is faithful to that of Shakespeare.

Musically, the opera consists mainly of duets betwe Romeo and Juliette with a few interruptions. The mus is either too tripping or saccharine, foreign to the mood the play. Understandably this opera has never been ve popular in England and America, though in France it still quite popular.

The *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas strays a great de from the play which is considered by almost all to be t greatest of Shakespeare's dramas. The opera opens wi Hamlet and Ophelia already betrothed. The action th follows closely the play; and Ophelia drowns, but not befo some pretty strenuous vocal calisthenics for a supposed weak girl like Ophelia. The death of Ophelia and the gho of his father spur Hamlet to kill the guilty Claudius. Non nating Hamlet as successor to the throne, the ghost co signs the Queen to a convent. Hamlet is then acclaim King of Denmark.

The variations from the plot and the loss of Shakespear verse are in some measure made up for by some music passages of great beauty and dramatic force. The best know single selection is the drinking song, *Brindisi.* It was in t role of Hamlet that the great John Charles Thomas becam famous; but since his time in the opera there has been n one interested in the role, which, despite being marred, r mains a great one. Thus *Hamlet* provides music lovers wi what they desire but leaves the lover of Shakespeare co fused and amused at the changes in the plot.

The great master of opera is also the great master Shakespeare. Giuseppe Verdi turned to Shakespeare f three operas: *Macbeth, Falstaff,* and *Otelo.* And he mo than any other composer has created music to match th drama of Shakespeare.

In *Macbeth* Verdi follows most closely the play, althoug the opera is in four acts instead of the original five act Written in the early years of Verdi's life, *Macbeth* do not show the maturity that the composer later develope and this lack of maturity is one reason that the work h never been too popular. As a matter of fact, most peop are not aware that Verdi ever wrote an opera *Macbeth.* Th music simply does not come up to Verdi's usual standar and it is not performed any more. As is to be expected, th sleepwalking scene in the play is turned into a *tour de for* for the soprano who plays Lady Macbeth.

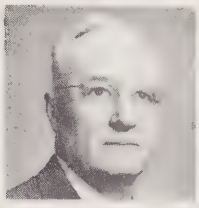
The last opera composed by Verdi came while he w in his eighties. Surprisingly enough it was *Falstaff,* suggeste by *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry IV.* Mo readers of Shakespeare have in their hearts a fondness f the King of Rogues, Falstaff, and they would probably s a work about Falstaff is justified. Verdi's plot, however, mainly that of *The Wives* with variations. A few new cha

QUEENS QUESTIONNAIRE

QUESTION: What Do You Think Has Been The Chief Significance Of The United Nations On World Affairs?

Miss Schickedantz:

The chief significance of the United ations on world affairs is the willing- ess of the member nations to discuss roblems and the understanding of each hers' attitudes through interchange of eas.



Dr. Green:

It serves as a platform from which representatives of the member nations may exchange views on world problems, and thus has probably reduced the danger of another world war.

Nancy Rose:

The chief significance of the United Nations in world affairs was the intervention of the United Nations in the Korean War. This step resulted in stopping Communist aggression in Korea, thus stopping it temporarily in the East.

Susan Sharpe:

The organization's chief value has in in its possibilities for openly dis- overing the specific conflicting interests nations and for dispelling any enuine misunderstandings which may ist among nations.

Margaret Dick:

Although I believe in the ideal for which the United Nations was founded, I do not believe the United Nations has exerted the influence it should upon world affairs. As the mediator of world difficulties, however, it has been a worthwhile organization.

Mabel Baird:

The United Nations, although it is an imperfect and infantile organization, is our main hope for international good will and understanding through helping us to understand better the different opinions and problems of various countries of the world.

---

cters and more comic episodes are added to make this pera light and full of fun. The music bubbles and sparkles ith high spirits. The whole is so in keeping with the spirit Shakespeare's comedies that one wonders why Shakes- eare did not write a play about Falstaff.

It is in *Otelo* that Verdi equals Shakespeare. In the opera he plot begins with the defeat of the Turks in the storm nd the return of Othello, omitting the scenes in Venice ith which the play opens. Other than that the opera fol- ws as faithfully as possible the play. If possible, Iago is ore of a villian in the opera than in the play. He sings ch beautiful duets with Othello while really hating him. nd his fate is not resolved in the opera as it is in the play. is in this powerful opera that for once at least someone natched the power of Shakespeare.

Verdi, in a new individual style, dropped the old system succeeding numbers for scene to scene development, the reat dramatic scenes passing without a typical aria. This reat opera grips the listener from the opening chorus to he final chord. The flow of action is not interrupted for pplause. This work is therefore the most happy blending music and Shakespeare.

There are many other composers who have turned to Shakespeare as a basis for musical works. This list is long and imposing, but for the most part their efforts have failed to produce any great works of music. This field, however, offers a large area of study to the inquisitive student of Shakespeare or of music.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEFIANCE OF THE YOUTH PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Buck Spearman

The cleansing of recurrent hours of pain;
The peace of weariness;
The satisfaction of successful days;
The thankful task to occupy the hands
And ease a troubling mind;
The guilty charm of one, all-idle hour;
The loneliness of tears;
All these are treasures, though unbidden gifts—
Thank God for growing up!

Browsing

Japanese Fairy Tale

Sneider, Vern: *The Teahouse of the August Moon,* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: 1951, 282 pp. $2.00.

The Teahouse of the August Moon by Vern Sneider is an uproarious account of the unusual experiences of an occupation officer in a small village in Okinawa. The officer is Captain Fisby, and his assignment is to "democratize" a Japanese settlement there. The situation approaches hilarity, however, when the "conquerors" are themselves vanquished by the subtle and shrewd antics of their Oriental friends.

An example of the craftiness of the Japanese occurs when Captain Fisby receives orders to build a pentagon-shaped schoolhouse; the villagers of Tobiki convince him that they should instead construct a fanciful crystal and teakwood teahouse. The Okinawans even become prosperous at the expense of the United States Armed Forces by selling a home-concocted sweet-potato brandy to the troops. A genial truce of wits is eventually made to everyone's satisfaction, and even the most hardened military mind discovers that he has lost his heart to these warm and appealing people.

The Teahouse of the August Moon is a sheer fairy tale and by never pretending to be otherwise escapes artificiality. The picturesqueness of the Oriental background adds to the enchantment. Because of the fairy-tale quality of this short novel, even the didactic passages on prejudice and racism do not lose their necessary delicate touch. A combination of the fragile grace of the locale, the winning but guileful Okinawans, and the earthy American soldiers would appear to approach incongruity; Mr. Sneider, however, glosses over the stumbling blocks of racial relationships and places all action on a comedy level. For a few hours of great charm and engaging reading, *The Teahouse of the August Moon* is highly recommended.

—Shirly Shipp

Worth Your While

Gary Brady

Trial by Don Mankiewicz tells the story of the trial of a Mexican boy who attacks a white girl. A law professor desperately seeking experience during the summer in order to hold his job becomes the chief defense counsel. The Communists, however, take the case as a "cause" to use for propaganda purposes and contribute a great deal of money. There are many good characterizations by Mankiewicz, and the pace is brisk. *Trial* is refreshing in that for once it is not the poor, downtrodden Negro who is unfairly treated by a white jury.

Robert Payne's *The Roaring Boys* is a novel of William Shakespeare and his company. The great dramatist is pictured as a somewhat moody individual, greatly concerned about the welfare of the members of his company and his sickly brother. Shakespeare is also confronted with the task of pushing away the many women who throw themselves at him. Robert Payne has many well-drawn characters in his novel, and there are many passages extremely well done. There are, however, times when the book lapses into the moody musings of Shakespeare, which contribute nothing to the book except to make Shakespeare appear slightly ludicrous. This book is good reading for the average reader as well as for the Shakespearean student.

The Day Lincoln Was Shot by Jim Bishop is a well-written and exciting recounting of the hourly events on the day of Lincoln's assassination. The work is not overly detailed and reads like a best-selling detective thriller; in fact, it is very engrossing. This is one of the best books from the current crop of Civil War books, and it exemplifies the new trend toward making history books more readable and the characters in them more human.

Robert Ruark's *Something of Value* deals very thoroughly with the Mau Mau uprising in Africa. This very long book begins in the days before World War II when the English colonists in Africa led a life something like that of planters in the South. But when war comes many of the British must go to the army and many of the blacks also.

(Continued on page 13)

A Woman's Philosoph

Lindbergh, Anne Morrow; *Gift fr the Sea,* Pantheon Books, 278 pp. $2.

One of the most popular books acr the nation currently and one which been the top best seller on the gene booklist of the nation (as recorded the *New York Times* Book Review S tion) is *Gift from the Sea* by An Morrow Lindbergh. This is the accou of a woman's re-evaluation of life a her struggle for peace of mind and ner security during the bustle and t moil of life today.

Mrs. Lindbergh chooses as a ba ground for her thoughts a two wee vacation on a small island off the Atl tic coast. There she spent much of time alone or in the company of sister, working, writing, and wander up and down the beach. During t vacation she was able to take stock her hurried, busy life; and she began try to think through ways in which could live so as to make her life meaningful and useful as possible. the preface to her book Mrs. Lindbe explains that she began writing do these thoughts only for herself, found that her thoughts and conclusi applied to the lives of women in g eral; so she began setting them down all women.

During the first days of her vacat Mrs. Lindbergh began picking up sh from off the beach. She found t many of these shells—the oyster sh the moonshell, the Argonauta—can applied to different aspects of life. Th taught her the need to be alone, to alone with one's mate, and the abi to accept changes in life. The ma things which these shells and her va tion taught her are her gift from sea.

One of the most important c clusions that Mrs. Lindbergh reach is that every woman needs to spe some time alone. She found that woman should set aside some time d ing the day, an hour if possible, just be by herself to think through her pr lems, to re-evaluate her beliefs, to tablish peace of mind. There is also need for a married woman to spe some time alone with her husba particularly as they grow older, to t

uietly, to re-establish their ideals, to new their companionship and love.

Mrs. Lindbergh has a prose style that almost like poetry. Her choice of ords and her way of expressing her oughts are often exquisite. Her exnded metaphors used in comparing pects of life to the seashells are beautilly expressed.

Many women, no doubt, have found mfort and a new way of life in Mrs. ndbergh's book. Men, too, have most kely been caught up in its beauty and rough it have been able to underand women better. As the *New York imes* book-review section expressed it its introductory advertisement of the ok, to many this book "comes like a ndclasp in the dark."

Through her re-evaluation of life and eas Mrs. Lindbergh has come closer her goal of a peace of mind and an ner sense of security and serenity hich will enable her to lead life to its llest. The sea yielded up to her its ft of a deeper and richer understandg of life, and she has passed this gift to all women. Through her simple, t beautiful, expression of her gift from e sea, Mrs. Lindbergh has enabled omen to take a new look at their lives nd to gain an inner calm and the any factors which lead to a richer, ller, more beautiful life.

—Caroline McIlwaine

WORTH YOUR WHILE

(Continued from page 12)

When they return from the war, the acks are very much dissatisfied and ant many concessions from the whites. he Communists send organizers, and e blacks soon become a large and owerful force. The book uses for the rincipal theme the revenge of a young nglishman for his brother who was e of the first victims of Mau Mau. *omething of Value* is without doubt e most gruesome book to be printed many years. To read of the brutal rocities of the Mau Mau gang and eir many rites takes a strong stomach. his is not for those who are weak and inthearted but for those who are rong and realize the danger of Comunism among the backward peoples f the world.

Rebel Without A Cause

One of the best movies which I have seen in quite a while is that one recently shown at the Carolina Theatre, *Rebel Without a Cause*. The movie is directed by Nicholas Ray, who also adapted the story for use on the screen; and James Dean is the star. The acting is extremely realistic and convincing, and the movie deals with one of the most troubling problems of our day, juvenile delinquency.

The story centers around a high school youth, Jim Stark, who has recently moved to a new town. The scene opens in the police station the night before his first day at the new school. Jim has been brought in for drunkenness. There are present several other teen-agers who have been apprehended for various reasons. Two of them, Plato and Judy, are immediately brought to the attention of the audience. Plato is a lonely, friendless boy whose parents are divorced. Judy is also lonely because her father refuses to understand her. An excellent picture of the juvenile court official who tries to counsel these boys and girls is given in this scene. When Jim's parents arrive, they immediately begin nagging the boy; and it is evident that the trouble lies in this and in their hyper-anxiety concerning his acceptance by the group.

The entire movie covers only two days' time. We follow Jim through this period and see how the gang refuses to accept him. He is led into several dangerous acts to prove that he is not a coward. During this time he befriends the lonely Plato, who goes from bad to worse and finally ends up in grave trouble with the police. How Jim and Judy at last win the respect and understanding of their parents makes an interesting and exciting movie.

When I saw this movie, I automatically began to compare it with *Blackboard Jungle;* and I have decided that *Rebel Without a Cause* brings the problem of juvenile delinquency to the fore in a much more graphic way than did *Blackboard Jungle*. The main reason I think this is that *Rebel Without a Cause* deals with teen-agers from the best families. These young people are just like the ones with whom I attended high school. They are not from the slums of a large city, where one expects to find juvenile delinquency. We often think of this problem as one which does not concern us personally, but this movie shows us that we are wrong. I feel that the motion picture definitely portrayed American teenagers in an exaggerated way. We need this exaggeration, however, to show us how urgent the problem is.

In considering the acting and other theatrical elements, I feel that the movie is worthy of being nominated for an academy award. The excellent directing proves that Nicholas Ray has great abilities. The most outstanding person in the cast is James Dean. He portrays Jim in such a way as to make the character truly living to viewers of the movie.

Rebel Without a Cause is great for the excellent presentation of a timely problem of our generation and for the excellent acting and directing which are evident in it. Each of the people becomes a living reality to the spectator, who feels that any one of them could easily be his next-door neighbor. One sees the dramatic end with a new awareness of the dangers involved in the period of adolescence. This picture is informative as well as entertaining.

—Sara Ann Smith

Mist Of Nothing

Barbara Kelca

Feathery light,
Vapory white,
Hushed as the night;

Softly it goes,
Fine as the rose,
Creeps on its toes.

Mist of the vale,
Whither dost sail
Only to fail?

The Christmas Pilgrimage

Marjory Carter

In Miami there is a community of Spanish-speaking people who are for the most part Cubans and Puerto Ricans. The people of this community have become Americanized to a large extent, but they have continued to use their own language among themselves and have retained many of the customs of their native lands.

Not the least of the customs which they have retained is the traditional Christmas celebration. This custom, however, has become Americanized somewhat. Instead of requiring the usual nine days of Cuba and Puerto Rica, in Miami it requires only one. One family in the community is chosen to represent the Holy Family and another to represent the innkeeper and his family.

Early on Christmas Eve the family representing the Holy Family begins its pilgrimage, carrying the figures of Mary and Joseph. The pilgrimage commemorates the going from house to house of Mary and Joseph in search of shelter. The family goes from house to house, singing at the doors and asking for shelter. Meanwhile in each house a festi is being held. The pilgrims are refused admittance u they reach the house which represents the inn. This ho contains an altar at which a mass is said after the fam enters. The mother of the family making the pilgrim becomes the godmother, and she lays the image at Christ Child on the altar between Mary and Joseph. Th after the ceremony all attend a midnight mass, going af ward to the godmother's house for supper and a pa

Although the children in this community receive g on Christmas Day, they receive more gifts on January This day represents the coming of the Wise Men to Be lehem. On this day one family has a party for the childr From the ceiling or from a tree a large earthenware ja hanging. When this jar is broken by a blow from a sti all of the children rush for the gifts.

In Miami, where there is so little tradition, it is stra indeed to find such Old World traditions being adhered

fashions to
a "Queens taste"
will be found
in our third
floor shops

MONTALDO'S

220 N. Tryon St.

My Literary Treasure Hunt

Sylvia Stuart

My introduction to the world of book lovers began three years ago with a phone call. Jane, an older friend who was an English major at college, was calling to see if I would accompany her on a jaunt to an antique shop in the country. 'Would you like to go up to Price's this afternoon? It's a simply charming little place. You know, he's the antique dealer who buys libraries from folks who don't care anything about books. He has lots of junk, but sometimes I get a real literary treasure." Since I had nothing more exciting to do that afternoon, and partly to humor my literary-minded friend, I agreed to go.

Price's Antique Shop was not the charming-looking little place which I had visualized from Jane's description. There was no small building set deep among old trees. There were no rare pictures, books, and chinaware in the window. Price's was a long concrete block structure with a hardware store on one side and a grocery store on the other. Everything from dilapidated stoves to old magazines were in the window.

The owner was leaning against the door. "Come in," he drawled. "Got a new shipment of books today. Only a quarter apiece." At this remark I wondered if he had any books worth more than twenty-five cents each.

I followed Jane to the back of the store. The musty smell of old books and furniture was in the air. "Here they are!" she cried with a delighted twinkle in her eye. Books were everywhere. They were heaped on Victorian love seats, cracked marble-topped tables, and the floor. Stacks of volumes appeared in bookcases with glass doors which would not stay shut. Books also were to be found among such items as banjos, broken violins, dismantled chandeliers, oil paintings which were relics from some fine mansion, graphaphones, and piles of out-dated records. Leaving me to stand and stare at the mountains of junk, Jane immediately began to examine every book. After a few minutes she said, "Come on. I'll help you find some good ones."

It seemed that everything we picked up for a while was useless. There was a psychology textbook published in 1922, a book of rituals for Catholic priests, and an old picture album of a family in Pennsylvania. We unearthed many "had been" best-sellers, Kathleen Norris novels, pattern books, and Sears-Roebuck catalogues. Gradually, however, some valuable books began to appear. I found a soft leather-bound edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. The little volume had been a gift from a young man to his fiancée in 1898. Then Jane came upon a complete set of Shakespeare; and I, one of Dickens. As the afternoon wore on, we found many other good books. *Stoddard's Lectures* with its pictures of foreign lands, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* Oliver Wendell Holmes' *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* and the *Rubàiyàt* of Omar Khayyam were discovered. The last books which were added to our collection were Thoreau's *Walden,* containing beautiful woodcuts of the New England countryside, the essays of Emerson, and *Heroes and Hero Worship* by Carlyle. After getting thoroughly soiled and exhausted from our treasure hunt, Jane and I left Price's with a regular library of our own.

That little jaunt of three years ago has become my introduction to the world of book lovers. I have spent many

(Continued on page 24)

Poetry . . .

THE NIGHT BEFORE

Emmie Hay Alexander

Now the lights are all out and my family's asleep.
I'll slip out of my bed to the hall, and I'll creep
Down the stairs. But go slow—miss the one with the creak.
That was it. Round the curve, two more steps. Now I'll sneak
In the parlor and sit there and look at the tree,
And the presents, to find out which ones are for me.
Then I'll hide in the corner and wait 'til I hear
The sound of the sleigh and those tiny reindeer.
And when Santa comes down through our own chimney place,
I'll rush out and stand there and laugh in his face!
And I'll say "Now I've caught you! So open your pack,
And put all my toys over here in a stack."
But Daddy would be disappointed if he
Knew I knew who it was playing Santa for me.
So maybe I'd better let *him* play instead,
And I'll just sneak quietly back up to bed.

MY DAYDREAM

Martha Whittier

I wish that I could learn to spell,
The thought does so inspire me;
But spelling rules encourage yawns
And practice seems to tire me.

Perhaps some morning I'll awake
To find, to my delight,
That I can spell just any word
And always get it right.

I know I'm singing wishful blues
But have you seen those dull, dull rules?

NO TIME—WHERE THEN?

Barbara Kelca

Steadily it sang a note of rush.
Hurriedly, untiringly it sped.
Quick and sure as moves the painter's brush,
Youth and life unerringly were led
Round the joyous sphere of numeraled white—
Toward a sure and never-ending night.

Quick but slower was the note it gave,
Pacing surer than the erring young.
Vainly trying one minute to save,
Led it now on life much slower sung
Round, ever round, the face of numeraled white
Toward a closer, closer drawing night.

Hollow it monotonously rang.
Keyed to low unmoving notes of pain,
Dull came forth the listless song it sang,
Heavy hands the notes to stop disdain,
But no life, nor sound, nor movement goes
On if Time runs out—which no man knows.

OF EMPTY SPACE

Buck Spearman

It's night again and time for me to sleep.
But one sweet single thought of you slipped in
The slightly opened doorway of my heart—
A smile, a touch, a kiss, a prayer to keep
You safe have followed now, and it has been
The same for nights and nights. When we're apart
Your love has purified, has swelled my strength,
My heart, my consciousness, my life, my will.
And when in happy memories I steep
My thoughts in thoughts of you, love spans the length
The depth, the width of empty space until
It's night again, and time for me to sleep.

HEARTS' DESIRE

Libby Gunn

omeady we'll meet again—I know not where or when
ut only that the air will smell of spring the day our paths
recross.
ll come along, wond'ring why I feel an inner thrill of
expectation's joy,
nd there you'll be, waiting, watching for a dream you've
somehow never found.
ur eyes will dimly meet—then pass—then meet again
as recognition strikes her ever-ready match.
Dear God, 'tis he!" My heart will fill my mouth.
hen earth will fade and you and I will stand alone.

etween us there will lie the void of years: experiences
we have not shared;
he changes we have known within, without;
ur single searchings for our heart's desires in other loves,
in other times and ways.
nd yet beyond all this we'll see the summer days and
winter nights of long ago,
hen hearts' desires and love and times were new,
hen these eyes drank so deep of friendship's well of
happiness
ound only in each other's silent gaze.

he gaze will be the same.
nd deep within each other's eyes we'll see the faded
dreams renewed
nd suddenly redreamed.
nd then we'll know our hearts' desire is here and now.
Dear God, I dare not breathe!"
smile, a cry, and then the void of years will bridge itself
n one sweet, sure embrace.

I

I strive to quench the need for you that stirs
My soul when I'm alone, and leads me to
Relive the loss of what has been; with rue
The past reels by in haunting shade and blurs
The hope that life may yet again occur;
Since well I know the barrier reason drew,
That sighs and promises half-said from you
Were feigned to keep me near—a provender.

And now spring's rich with joy—is beauty's lair;
The air is crisp in aftermath of rain;
The sky is wild with whirling clouds at race.
But I feel winter and a bitter pain
When silence-shod your words return to snare
My heart, recalling love was in your face.

—Margaret Dick

A THOUSAND YEARS

Buck Spearman

A thousand years from now, fourteen, or four—
To time, one short elastic length in space
For things to be, to pass, or not. But we've
A limit to our time of things when each
Fresh page is all too quickly written o'er
And cast aside; and we in seeing writ
In deeds and thoughts our living, day by day,
Would cause the passing page to hesitate
If power were ours, and write a different cast
Of passing scenes; not one for one, but two
Impressions side by side upon one line—
Alas, in marking time away 'til this
Were so, we must stand fingertips apart
And know the time to stretch forever out
Of sight. A thousand years, fourteen, or four.

WINTER PORTRAIT

Emmie Hay Alexander

There's a half-moon out tonight.
Its argental lights gleam
On the earth's coverlet of snow.
All the three branches are delicately etched
With a fine line of whiteness,
Making their blackness blacker.
Like little bits of stardust,
The snowflakes float from above.
Thin wisps of smoke climb from a chimney,
Mingle with the snowflakes,
And dissolve in the black velvet sky.
The whole white world is silent,
Not sleeping, but holding its breath,
As if someone had turned off the sound
And let the film run on.

TOO QUICKLY DAWN

Buck Spearman

At dawn my world is all the same with sweet
Still freshness, as an autumn's fragrance; fields
When rain has come and gone. The passing feet
Of mice and men may pause, as each one yields
Impressions to his brain; and dawn is gone
Too quickly to a mouse as to a man.

CARBONDALE

Martha Whittier

If a tourist were to drive through northeastern Pennsylvania on route six, he would eventually arrive at a small city named Carbondale. Here he would see huge draglines biting grotesque gashes into the mountainsides. Everywhere he would notice large, ugly, gray culm piles, and he would be haunted by the weird shapes of the run-down, abandoned colleries. Perhaps he would have to slow down in order to keep a safe distance from a rumbling coal truck loaded with burning culm and emitting a nauseous odor. And as he slowed down, he would notice the ups and downs of the road and the slanted angles of the houses, some of which would be precariously and amateurishly jacked up. If he were to see a Carbondale newspaper, he would read of the city's discouraging eight-year fight against an underground mine fire and of the people who must set alarm clocks to wake them every hour of the night so that they can check the amount of carbon monoxide gas in their homes. No doubt this tourist would turn to his traveling companions with a shudder and ask, "Can you imagine *living* in this horrible town?"

But to me Carbondale is not a horrible town; to me Carbondale has all of the wonderful characteristics of home. Carbondale is a trip to the grocery store during which one pauses twice in every block to chat with friends, young and old, about the weather, about one's family, about the current news.

Carbondale is the late arriving spring when one trudges through snow, adjusts chains, and reads of the flowers in Maryland and Virginia. Carbondale is the early autum with the countryside ablaze with red and orange, whe the cool air invigorates one toward the formation of a doze resolutions, and the smell of burning leaves draws one in a poetic mood.

Carbondale is the countless parades—the playground p rades where half of the town stands at the curb to wato the other half—children, parents, auxiliaries, and instructo —march past; the fireman's parades; the high-school parade the Shriners' parades; and the very important circus parade Carbondale is the block parties where a whole city block roped off so that young and old can play together to th rhythmic blare of a merry-go-round and to the temptin odors of steamed clams and of fresh popcorn. Carbondal is the Halloween contest when the school children compe in an attempt to draw the weirdest spooks on the store wi dows.

Carbondale is the housewives who wear silk dresses, all gator shoes, and veils to the grocery store. Carbondale is th anonymous Western Union operator who called two da before my wedding and said, "I have a telegram for you fiancé, but he isn't there yet, is he?" Carbondale is th people, many of whom I didn't know who stopped me o the street to exclaim that they couldn't believe that I'd soo

(Continued on page 24)

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THIRD FLOOR

Christmas is for Girls

BETTY MCGEACHY

Caroline Roberts finished the last bite of her sandwich nd got up. It was time to call her fifth-graders back into ie classroom for their last afternoon of school before the olidays. As she walked to the door of the room which pened onto the playground, she hoped that the children ad played hard and would not be too restless during these st exciting hours. There was not much in the way of assign-ents today. As a matter of fact, the whole afternoon had een set aside for a party: carol singing, games, and the xchanging of gifts.

The fifth-grade room was gaily decorated. Patsy Linton nd Martha Storm had drawn a manger scene on the black-oard with pastel chalk. Red and green crepe paper en-rcled the walls, and silver bells hung at each corner. A vig of mistletoe was suspended over the door. That morn-ng the children had brought the gifts to be exchanged and rrapped them just before lunch; the red and green pack-ges were now piled under the little Christmas tree.

The children were proud of their tree. All during De-ember they had spent an hour each day making decorations or it: paper chains, stars, and bells. Bobby Patrick's father ad cut the little tree on his farm and brought it to school. Nancy Wilson had brought a string of electric lights from ome, and several of the boys had put it on. Each child had ung the ornament which he had made.

"Miss Roberts! Miss Roberts!" It was Nathalie Parker unning toward her. "Miss Roberts! Bobby and Gary are ghting! Hurry, Miss Roberts!"

"Oh dear," thought Caroline. "Something had to spoil the day." At that moment she caught sight of the two little boys. Bobby Patrick was a well-dressed child of quite wealthy parents. He was somewhat spoiled but nevertheless likable. Gary Morgan was equally lovable but from a background exactly opposite to Bobby's. Caroline knew very little about Gary's family except that his father did not live with them. The boys were tumbling in the dirt, delivering blows which were not too serious. Each was becoming more dirty than hurt.

"Here, here," she said. "What's this all about?" At her voice the battle ceased, and the talking began. A dozen young voices chimed in to tell her just what was going on. "One at a time, please," she sighed.

Bobby spoke up: "Oh, Gary's a sissy; talking 'bout Santa Claus and singing silly songs. I laughed at him, and he said I shouldn't laugh at Christmas. Who does he think he is anyway? I can like Christmas or not if I want. Isn't that right, Miss Roberts? After all, my daddy brought that silly tree."

Caroline was shocked. "Why Bobby! Don't you like Christmas?"

"Oh, it's okay, I guess. For little kids and for girls. But when you grow up, you see it's just kid stuff."

Caroline had to be amused at Bobby's opinion of his own age and wisdom, but she was hurt at his attitude. She looked at Gary, but the little boy was silent. "Come on in, children," she said. "It's time for the party." Immediately

the awkwardness was broken. With a cry of enjoyment the children ran for the room, Gary's silence turning into smiles.

Bobby sniffed at the mention of the party. "Christmas is for girls," he said again.

Caroline had meant to speak to the boys again, but in the excitement of the party she could not find the opportunity. Finally the time came to open the presents; Caroline put on the little red cap which she wore once a year and told the children to sit down around the tree.

"Now if Nathalie and Patsy will be my helpers, I'll be Santa Claus and call out the names. Suppose you hold your present until we all have ours, and we'll open them together." She picked up the first package. "Merry Christmas from Martha to Tommy," she read. Patsy carried the little box to Tommy Rawlings. "Merry Christmas from Nancy to Nathalie." Nathalie squealed with delight as she took her package and put in on her desk. "Merry Christmas from Patsy to Gary." On and on went the packages, and the little helpers scurried around delivering them. Finally there was one package left. "Merry Christmas from Gary to—to Bobby."

At last all the packages were delivered and the children were ready to open them. Caroline scarcely noticed the eighteen little packages on her desk in her anxiety to watch the children's reactions.

The gifts were inexpensive, for the children had been told to limit their cost to fifty cents. Patsy discovered a tiny baby doll in a crib; Nathalie unwrapped a book of paper dolls and dresses; Tommy received a package of balloons; Jerry Brown found a red and white rubber ball. Caroline was watching Bobby. He hurriedly unwrapped his gift and looked in. Suddenly his face fell, and he slowly pulled out a silver Christmas-tree ornament—a big round ball. His disappointment was obvious; he had expected something to play with. Caroline felt a lump in her throat; she turned to Gary who was gathering his things to go home.

"Aren't you going to open your present, Gary?" she asked.

"Well—if it's all right, Miss Roberts, I thought I'd take it home and put it on our Christmas table—it'll look so pretty." Suddenly he broke into tears. "I'm sorry I didn't have nothing better to give you, Bobby; but—well, my mother's sick, and I didn't have any money—so, well, sh said I could give you that since we won't have a tree th year. Maybe it'll look pretty on yours."

"Of course it will," said Caroline. "I think the silv ball was the nicest thing you could have given. And certainl you may take your present home unwrapped; I think I' do the same thing."

Bobby was staring at the floor. Finally he looked up. "U —I'm sorry I hit you, Gary," he said.

"That's okay," said Gary. He turned to go.

"Wait a minute," continued Bobby.

"What?"

"Uh—nothing. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas to you." Gary was smiling.

Most of the children had gone home, and Caroline wa straightening up the room. She noticed that Bobby wa still there.

"Are you waiting for your father, Bobby?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

Suddenly the little boy took his ball and went up to th tree. Slowly he tied it on one of the branches. Then h came over to where Caroline was. "Miss Roberts," he said "I've been thinking. Is it all right if I have my daddy tak this tree over to Gary's house? After all, he won't have tree, and we have a great big one, and—"

Caroline stooped down and hugged him. "That woul be lovely," she said.

"And Miss Roberts—"

"Yes, Bobby?"

"I guess Christmas is all right."

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The Story-Teller

Mary Moore Mason

Miss Lucy Johnson sat in the rocking chair by the window rocheting place mats. The light from the late afternoon un filtered through the window and made patch-work esigns on her soft white hair and wrinkled cheek. Nothing as heard but the contented buzz of the bees around the ower pots on the window ledge, the chirping of the irds, and the squeak of the chair as she rocked gently back nd forth.

Suddenly a shriek like one that might have been made y an attacking Indian tribesman was heard, and Miss Lucy umped from her chair, dropped her work, and hurried to he window. She peered out to see Buddy, the four-year-old eighborhood child, galloping across her carefully tended lower plot shrieking, "Here, Frisky!" to a small beige cocker ashing along close behind. Now, Miss Lucy ordinarily ked children, at least the prim little girls who shook hands vith her at church; but she considered this noisy little boy complete nuisance, especially since he had started into vhat the psychologists called the "story-telling period." So he quickly picked up her crocheting and started toward the itchen, but it was too late. Buddy must have seen her hrough the window, for the door-bell, which Buddy had ucceeded in jamming, jangled through the house and Miss Lucy's nerves.

She sighed, put her work down, and opened the door, evealing a short, stocky boy with enormous blue eyes, sandy crew cut, a pug nose across which marched a troop f freckles, and a square determined jaw. Miss Lucy smiled weetly and said in her be-kind-to-bad-children voice, "What lo you want this time, dear?"

"Just thought I'd drop by," he said, cocking his head and grinning up at her, his open mouth disclosing a gap where his two front teeth had been. "Can you come out?"

"Well no, I . . . ."

"Then I'll just come in," he announced blithely.

Miss Lucy stood mute, adjusting her spectacles and nervously smoothing her dress as the little intruder marched across the rug and plopped down in a chair. Regaining her composure, she picked up the cookie jar that sat on the table by the door and asked, "Would you like a cookie, dear?"

"Sure," he said, practically diving into the jar and ending up with two fistfuls of cookies.

"What have you been doing lately?" Miss Lucy asked politely, wondering what wild tale would be offered in answer to her simple question.

"Oh," said Buddy, looking at her with round, innocent eyes, "Sis and me rode about a hundred miles yesterday on our twin black horses."

"I didn't know you had any horses, Buddy," Miss Lucy admonished.

"Uh-huh, I got them for us when I went to Texas to be a cowboy last week. Did you know that me and Dad are going up to Canada tomorrow to hunt bears?"

"You don't say. Who told you you were going?"

"Why, Frisky did! He met me at the door this morning and told me."

"You know that dogs can't talk, Buddy."

He looked at her scornfully. "Not everyone can understand what they're saying when they bark, but I can."

A whistle blew down the street, and Buddy jumped up. "That's my mom calling me home to supper; we're having fried chicken; I've gotta go!" As he slammed the door behind him and dashed across the yard, Miss Lucy pursed her lips and shook her head. The child was getting to be a regular little fibber, and someone would have to stop him before it became too bad a habit.

Just as the sun was setting a few evenings later, Miss Lucy heard Buddy's special ring, and she squared her shoulders and went to the door. She had a mission to accomplish.

"Hey!" Buddy said as he swaggered in the door. "Got any cookies?" Miss Lucy handed him the cookie jar and sat down. "Can't stay long," he announced through a mouthful of cookies; "I've gotta get back to my house. Something big's down there."

"What?" said Miss Lucy as she smiled wryly to herself. This would probably be her chance.

"Oh," said Buddy breezily, "there's a space ship in the tree in front of my house."

He'd probably been watching on television too many of those terrifying plays about spacemen. "A space ship—how interesting!" she said condescendingly. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah," said Buddy.

"All right, we'll just go see it!" announced Miss Lucy with a glint in her eyes.

As they marched down the sidewalk toward Buddy's house, Miss Lucy thought, "I have him this time. He won't have the nerve to come telling me any more of his tall tales!"

"Now, young man, where is it?" she asked triumphantly as they reached Buddy's house.

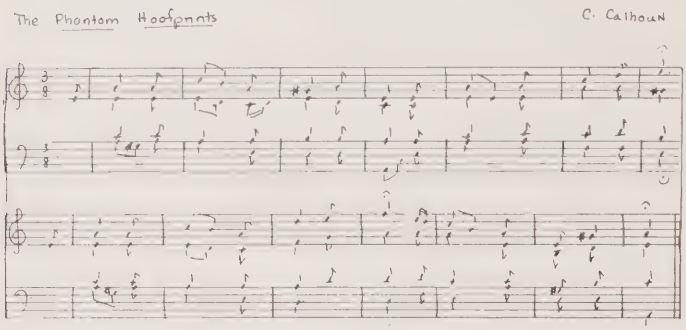
"Up there," said Buddy, pointing to an enormous oak tree. Miss Lucy looked up, and the smile of triumph faded from her lips; for there in the topmost branches swung a huge saucer-shaped thing, its silver paint glittering in the red rays of the setting sun. "But I *told* you that there was a space ship in the tree!" Buddy yelled bewilderedly after Miss Lucy as she fled down the street.

A week later Bill Smith sat laughing in his office at the Fourth Street Purity Gas Station. "Yeh, Joe," he said to the boy sitting in the chair next to him as he wiped the grease off his hands onto his overalls, "we finally found it about six blocks from here up in a tree. The string that held it to the roof of the station broke, and the wind carried it up there. We might never have found it if some old lady hadn't called up the police and told them that we were being invaded from outer space. I guess she didn't see the *Buy Purity Gas* sign painted on the other side of our advertising balloon."

Sophomores Try Ballads

The Phantom Hoofprints

CATHARINE BLUE CALHOUN



Down east in Carolina's wilds
An eerie tale is told
About the fate that fell one day
To a wicked horseman bold.

To all who would believe this tale
Draw nigh and lend an ear;
And see the phantom hoofprints left
By steed that traveled here.

No far from tiny Bath there lived
A year or two ago
A wicked country gentleman
With reputation low.

Now Elliot wasn't bad at heart,
As far as bad men come;
But love for pleasure drove him on
To break the peace at home.

When Sunday morning dawned serene
Upon the little town,
The gang of Elliot at the church
Was no where to be found.

For they found pleasure not in things
Of worship and of song.
Instead they drank and raced their steeds,
And gambled all day long.

The goodly people of the town
Were worried and dismayed
That precepts of the Sabbath day
Should so be disobeyed.

And then one fateful Sunday morn
The air was clear and chill.
The stakes were high; the steeds ran hard;
And Elliot called out shrill:

My trusty steed! my winning mount,
Hear now this word I tell.
Take me across the winning line
Or take me straight to hell!"

The great horse stopped; and once he neighed.
Then taking two great leaps,
He plunged his feet into the dirt—
Dashed rider in a heap.

This chilling tale of Elliot's death
Is true as e'er I live;
For proof there lies in Bath's own town,
Grim facts always to give:

Along the road of Elliot's race
There be for all to read
In sandy ground at one dark spot
Two hoofprints of the steed.

To all who would believe this tale
Draw nigh and lend an ear;
And see the phantom hoofprints left
By steed that traveled here.

In Phenix Town

DESS CARROLL

In Phenix town where I was born
  There was a tragedy
Which made our heads drop low in shame—
  It was a crime, ah, me!

In honky-tonks and in cafes
  There was much tragedy.
Soldiers were drugged and thrown out, too
  It was a crime to see.

In dives young maids lost their virtue—
  It was a tragedy.
They lured the men from nearby towns—
  Such was a crime to see!

A youth of Uncle Sam's called Tom
  Met such a tragedy.
He fell into the snare of Nell
  And crime was there to see!

She drank with him and drugged his beer—
  It was a tragedy.
She took his cash and kicked him out—
  A crime for all to see!

For this town, too, there lived good folk
  There with this tragedy.
For pure and simple life they sought
  And crime should never be.

To church they went and never saw
  All that was tragedy.
They were so blind and stupid, too,
  For crime was there to see!

In this old town there lived a man
With all the tragedy
Who tried, who gave his own life blood—
It was a crime to see!

In Phenix crooks did reign and rule—
It was a tragedy.
They killed the good man, shot him down—
It was a crime to see!

Good Albert gave his very all—
It was a tragedy.
His life blood spilled upon the street—
A crime that all did see!

His death foreran good things to be—
It ended tragedy.
They cleaned the tonks and swept the dives.
Crime left; good came to be!

Good people stopped, took steps at last
To end this tragedy.
They called the state to bring them aid—
Crime was to go, praise be!

Now Phenix shows men good or bad
There is no tragedy.
For vice is gone; good reigns at last.
Crime was; good is to be!

'55 CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

(Continued from page 3)

At Queens the ceremony of the boar's head is traditionally held in Morrison dining hall on the night before Christmas vacation begins. The students, faculty and their families, and guests of the college are invited to attend the event.

The Queens Christian Association will present a program of Christmas meditation in Belk Chapel immediately following the Boar's Head dinner. Then everyone will assemble in Burwell Hall around the Christmas tree to attend the annual giving of gifts to the college servants. The girls who have become engaged over the past year will be recognized by the President. This event is also traditional at the Queens Boar's Head festivities and will climax the evening.

On Tuesday, December 13, the annual White Gift ceremony, sponsored by the Queens Christian Association and Panhellenic Council, will be held in Belk Chapel. The students will bring gifts of food wrapped in white for the needy families of Charlotte.

Christmas Vespers will be held on December 11, at 5:00 P.M., in the college chapel. The choir will present a program of Christmas music, followed by the singing of carols.

—K. S. F.

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MY LITERARY TREASURE HUNT

(Continued from page 15)

exciting hours with Pip, Miss Havisham, Oliver Twist, and the Artful Dodger. I have adventured with King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. I have seen exotic and beautiful lands on my journeys with *Stoddard's Lectures*. I have felt the "vaulting ambition" of Macbeth, the vengeance of Hamlet, and the rage of Lear. I have sensed the sacred beauty of love in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets. So as a consequence or reading my quarter volumes from Price's, I have become a book lover.

Now I have a delighted twinkle in my eye when I hear of a new shipment of books at Price's. I cannot wait to drive up to that little concrete block antique shop and begin hunting for literary treasures.

CARBONDALE

(Continued from page 18)

be married, for it seemed only a few years ago that t new minister had come to town with his family—when was two weeks old. Carbondale is the people who appear at our door during my father's illness bearing baskets fruit and preserves.

Carbondale is the wheel-spinning sound of cars caug in the snow, the distant hum of a diesel of a dragline, t shadows of leaves on the sidewalks in the evenings, movi rhythmically to the murmur of a stirring breeze. Carbond is ugly in the eyes of a passing tourist, but to me it is interesting and alive and precious home.

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Christmas In The Mountains

Mary Ann Dover

It was a poor excuse for a hotel, Lori thought as she ared disdainfully at the food on her plate, and a terrible ace to spend Christmas. The food was tasteless; the service as poor; the beds were lumpy; and Lori was sick of the hole place. She was more than ready to pack her things nd go home.

She glanced across the table at Lance Madison, whose ay head was bent over his plate. He actually seemed to e enjoying his meal. It was he who had brought her this awful place. Lance was the author whose secretary ne had been for the past three years. He was beginning novel about mountain people and was doing research work or it. Why he had to pick Christmas time to do his research ne didn't know, but she felt sure she'd never forgive him or dragging her away from a cheerful apartment in the ity to a bleak, unkempt hotel in the heart of the mountains.

"Tomorrow is Christmas Eve. Can't we go home for Christmas Day and come back the day after?" she asked im.

"This is a lovely place to spend Christmas," Lance re-lied. He laid down his fork and pulled the curtain back little from the window beside their table. "Look out here! Just like a Christmas card. Snow-covered mountains vith a million fir trees on them. Christmas trees growing vild! And look at the smoke curling heavily from the chim-neys of the little mountain homes. All those—"

"Where are the sleighs?" Lori interrupted. "I thought no Christmas card was complete without a sleigh. All I see round here are some old, dilapidated Fords."

"That's what adds to the beauty of the place. Can you magine how this village would look with a few new Cadillacs or Lincolns in it? It would be terrible."

"I wish there were a few around here! I'd give anything o see a car from the outside world right now."

"Don't be bitter," he advised her. "You'd like this place f you hadn't come here with your mind set against it. All you have to do is decide that you like it; and, before you know it, you'll think it's a delightful, fascinating place."

"It neither delights nor fascinates me, and I don't care to have it do so," she replied disgustedly. "I can think of nothing worse than spending Christmas in this dump these mountaineers proudly refer to as a hotel."

"We aren't going to spend Christmas at the hotel," Lance told her.

"What? You really mean it? You mean we're going home for Christmas after all? Oh, you're an angel! I believe you do have a heart after all!" she cried excitedly.

"Oh, no, no. That isn't what I mean at all. We won't be here at the hotel for Christmas, but we won't be at home, either," he said.

"Then where will we be?"

"We're eating Christmas dinner with the Gilberts," he announced. "You remember them, don't you?"

She certainly did. All too well. The oldest Gilbert boy, a long-limbed, tousle-haired boy named Hogue who shuffled his feet incessantly, had come into the hotel several days before to pick up the Christmas issue of the Sears and Roebuck catalog. Lance thought the boy looked like good book material and had made friends with him. The next day Hogue had come to take Lance and Lori rabbit hunting. Lance had enjoyed the day immensely, but Lori nearly froze to death and spent all the following day in bed nursing what Lance called a head cold—head meaning mental. Lance and Lori had stopped by the Gilbert residence—a small, cold, cluttered log cabin—on the day of the hunting expedition, and the thought of eating Christmas dinner there turned Lori's stomach.

"Why on earth are we going to eat with them?" she demanded.

"I told them that I wanted to use them as the model for the family in my book, and they were so pleased that they invited us to Christmas dinner," he explained.

"I'm not going," Lori announced.

"I beg your pardon?" Lance's expression indicated that he hadn't understood what she said. But Lori knew he had "begged her pardon" just so she would have to repeat her sentence and hear how childish and ridiculous it sounded.

"I'm not going!" she said defiantly.

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"You don't understand," Lance said in a tone that made her feel like a twelve-year-old. "Mountain people have the biggest and kindest hearts in the world, but they are still a little resentful of people from what you call the 'outside world'. They think that we believe ourselves to be better than they, and they're right. Therefore, the Gilberts were paying us a very great compliment by asking us to share their Christmas dinner."

"Maybe so, but the only place I like to be on Christmas is at home," she said. As an afterthought, she added, "I'm very sentimental about Christmas."

"Are you now!" Lance seemed to think that was a big joke, but then his face sobered and he said, "Everybody's sentimental about Christmas, some more than others. I feel sure that you'll think this is the best Christmas you've ever spent."

"What makes you think so?" she asked in distrust.

"Wait and see. You may learn a lot from the straightforwardness and simpleness of these mountain folk," Lance told her.

"I'm sure they don't know a thing I care to learn." Then a thought occurred to her. "How many people are there in the Gilbert family?"

"Seven children and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert."

"Nine of them and two of us in that little match box they live in? That'll be too close for comfort. I don't relish the thought of getting that cozy with a bunch of Saturday-night-bath mountaineers on Christmas morning," she grimaced.

"It won't be as bad as you think," he said, "and I'm confident that we'll be royally entertained."

"Hogue isn't going to take us on another safari, I hope."

"It hasn't been mentioned."

"I hope it isn't. I'm afraid I couldn't live through an other mountain hike in sub-zero weather."

"You're exaggerating," Lance told her. "The temperatur was fine that day. Excellent hunting weather."

"Huh! I nearly caught my death of cold."

"I notice that it didn't take you long to recover," h ribbed.

"I don't think I'll ever fully recover," she said, fakin a sniff.

"Oh, I think you'll live," Lance said.

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"I'll certainly be glad to get back to civilization. This imitive life makes me feel like I'm spending two weeks in e eighteenth century," Lori said with great disgust.

"Fine! A change is good for everybody," Lance said. "The st way to learn about how other people live is to live their nd of life for awhile. I'm enjoying my visit here im-ensely."

"You need to see a psychiatrist."

Lance only smiled. Lori squirmed. The smile made her el like a spoiled brat. A second thought occurred to her.

"What will we eat?"

"They didn't show me their menu."

"Oh, I mean what kind of meat. I'm used to having tur-ey on Christmas," she related in a regal fashion.

"I can assure you that you won't have it this year. You'll probably have rabbit."

"Rabbit! I'll die of acute indigestion before I'm thirty! The food in this glorified stagecoach stop is unearthly, and now I've got to go eat wild animals with a bunch of pioneers!"

"Rabbit is quite a delicacy when it's prepared right, and nobody is better qualified to cook it than the people around here. They've been eating it all their lives," Lance told her.

"And I guess for egg-nogs we'll have corn likker! I'm not going! I'm absolutely *not going!*" she stormed.

Again Lance only smiled.

"Well, I'm not!"

Snow kept spilling over the tops of her boots—cold, wet, mushy snow. With each step Lori found another unprintable word to describe Lance. She wished they would hurry and get to the Gilbert cabin; but when they did finally reach it, she decided she'd almost rather spend the rest of the day walking in the snow. She stamped her feet vehemently on the porch, partly to get rid of some of the snow clinging to her boots but mainly to release some of her anger.

"Well," Lance exclaimed, "that was an invigorating little walk."

"Nothin' lak a good walk in th' snow to wake a feller up," Hogue drawled.

Lori felt like kicking both of them, especially the loose-jointed Hogue because she took his remark to be aimed

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directly at her. She was still asleep when Hogue arrived at the hotel for them, and he couldn't conceive of any well person being in the bed at ten-thirty.

"Didn't you enjoy it, Lori?" Lance asked brightly.

"Immensely."

Lance laughed. "I imagine the thoughts you had on the way up here would have been banned in Boston."

The cabin door opened, and Mrs. Gilbert stuck her head out.

"Come on in t' th' fire," she invited cheerfully. "I reckin' you're ryte cold after that there walk up th' hill, ain't ye, Miss?"

"Yes, ma'am," Lori replied in a none-too-cordial voice, "ryte cold."

Lance squeezed Lori's elbow. "Go easy," he said.

Inside there was heat from an open fireplace, but the were so many children in front of the fire that the ne comers couldn't get near it.

"You younguns git on back outta th' way an' let these he folks git t' th' fire. They're cold. C'mon, Rosy, me an' yo got t' git th' dinner on th' table," Mrs. Gilbert said, shooi her brood away from the fireplace.

While she thawed out, Lori surveyed the room with e dent disgust. Old calendars advertising patent medicin decorated the unpainted walls; some artificial roses h been crammed into a vase on a table; the furniture w obviously homemade; and most of the chairs had saggi bottoms. In one corner was a cedar tree with some color Christmas balls and several red streamers on it. Under

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re a dozen or so opened packages. Lori was trying to ure out what some of the presents were when she felt nething touch her skirt. She simultaneously jerked her rt away and looked down at the source of her irritation. little child drew her hand back quickly and stared at Lori with wide-eyed surprise and awe. Lori stared back at the little girl sternly. Instead of going away as Lori had hoped, the child began to speak very timidly.

"My—my name's Francie—Francie Gilbert."

Lori only glared in return.

"What's yours?" Francie asked.

After a long minute Lori saw that the child wasn't easily discouraged. "Lori," she said.

"Lori," Francie repeated. "Lori. I like that. I wisht my name was Lori."

"Really."

"Do you wish yore name was Francie?"

That caught Lori a little off guard, but she replied, "Well, I've never thought much about it."

"Are you a Gilbert, too?" Francie wanted to know.

"Certainly not!"

"Oh. I thought maybe you was one o' our cousins. We've got a bunch of 'em, and lots o' times they come t' see us," Francie said.

"That's nice."

"Oh!" the little girl said, holding up an object she'd been clutching at her side. "See what old Sandy Claus brung me!" It was a pretty doll, and Lori was quite surprised. She glanced around to see if Lance were watching her, but he was engaged in conversation with Hogue and Mr. Gilbert; so she stooped down to get a closer look at the doll.

"You're purty, Lori," Francie said softly, and she patted Lori's hair.

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Once more Lori was caught off guard. She stood up again quickly.

"I—well—thank you, Francie."

"Do you reckin I'll be purty when I grow up?" Francie inquired, looking at Lori with wide, innocent eyes.

Lori surveyed the child with a slight interest. Flattery usually blinds a woman, but it often opens her eyes in some respects, and Lori's were beginning to open.

"Yes," she said slowly. "Yes, Francie, I think perhaps you will be. You have beautiful blue eyes."

"Ain't nobody in th' family but me got blue eyes, an' Pa's all time a-gittin' on t' Ma about it," Francie related.

Lori concealed a smile. She must remember to tell that to Lance.

Somehow the little girl seemed to work miracles on Lori. The cabin lost its commonplaceness and became a home. The Gilberts became more than a bunch of illiterate, intolerable mountaineers. They became a family of hard-working, well-meaning people. Lori was a little puzzled about the change that was coming over her, but she didn't dislike it enough to fight it.

When Mrs. Gilbert appeared and said that dinner was ready, the group assembled around the table.

"I wanta set beside Lori," Francie said.

"Hush," Mrs. Gilbert admonished. "You call her *Miss* Lori. She don't want you a-settin' beside her. You set ryte over here between me an' yore Pa."

"Oh, I'd love for her to sit beside me," Lori said quickly. She felt closer to Francie than she did to any of the other Gilberts, and she'd much rather have the little girl beside her than have Hogue at her elbow. Francie's face shone with delight.

After all were seated, Mr. Gilbert turned to Lance a said, "Mr. Madison, we'd be proud fer you t' say our bless fer us today."

Every head bowed and Lance began:

"Our heavenly Father, with open and humble hearts ask your blessings upon us this Christmas Day. May be ever mindful of the real meaning of Christmas. Help to realize that our Savior came into the world that all m might be brothers and that the earth might have peace—pea not only between nations and men but within the hearts individuals."

Lori had a guilty feeling that this was being partly aim at her, but she didn't mind.

"Plant in us seeds of human kindness and understandi that we may lead those less fortunate than we to sing t praises.

"Bless, our Father, those gathered around this table toda Fill each life with hope and each heart with faith."

Francie slipped her hand into Lori's, and Lori smil down at the little girl.

"Instill in each of us the desire and the power to ke the benevolent and loving spirit of Christmas with throughout the year. Make us teachers of peace on earth a broadcasters of good will to men."

Lori glanced out the window. The snow was still falli —pure, white, lovely snow. The world was a beautiful pla in which to live. A smile of contentment spread across h face as she bowed her head again.

"Bless this food to the nourishment of our bodies and to Thy service. In Thy holy name we pray—amen."

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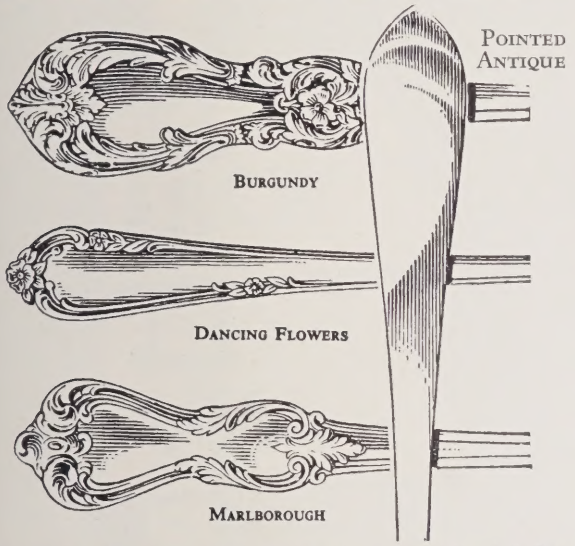

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